Along the beaten path I pace,
Where white rays mark my sentry's track;
In formices shrubs I seem to trace
The foems n form with bending back. I think I saw hun crouching low;
I stop and list, I stoop and peer,
Until the neighboring hillocks grow
To groups of warriors far and near.

With ready pice I wait and watch, Until my eyes, familiar grown, Detect each harmless earthen notch, Detect such harmless earthen notch,
And turn guerilias into stone;
And then, among the loneir gio m,
Boueath the weird old tulip trees,
My slient marches I resume,
And think on other times than these.

Sweet visions through the silent night, The deep has window fringed with vine,
The room within in softened light,
The tender milk white hand in mine,
The tender pressure and the pause
That of times overcame our speech— That ofttimes overcame our spe That time when, by mysterious laws, We each felt all in all to each.

And then that bitter, bitter day
When came the final hour to part,
When, clad in soldier's honest gray,
I pressed her weeping to my heart;
Too proud of me to hid me stay,
Too fond of me to let me go, I had to tear myself away. And left her statued in her woe.

So rose the dream, so passed the night, When, distant in the darksome glen, Approaching up the awful hight. I heard the solid march of men, Till over stubble, over sward,
And fields where lay the golden sheaf,
I saw the lantern of the guard
Advancing with the night relief.

"Halt! Who goes there?" my challenge cry,
It risgs along the watchful line,
"Helief!" I hear a voice reply,
"Advance, and give the countersign!"
With bayonet at the charge I wait;
The corporal gives the mysiic spell;
With arms at port I charge my mate,
And onward pass, and all is well.

But in the tent that night, awake.

I think, if in the fray I fall. I think, if in the fray I fall, Can I the mistic answer make Where the angelic sentres call? And pray that Heaven may so ordain That when I near the cump divine, Whether in travail or in pain, Shether in traval the countersign.

I too may have the countersign.

—Fitz James O'Brien.

# CARMIE'S LIFE STORY

BY FLITTIE ST. FYTHE.

"How do you like her, Jud?" Young Dr. Galbraithe looked up at his cousin a moment before answer-

ing.
"If she were worth a hundred thousand I would marry her to-morrow. She is a girl that ten years from now will do honors to even one of a Gali braithe."

Alice was silent, and outside the open door, in the hall, Carmie had come all unheard in her slippered feet, but not unhearing, and stood silent, also She was not vain, so felt a strange delight in this man's words, cruel and heartless as they were; but she was proud and sensitive, and her eyes flashed, and something of the superb power that Judson Galbraithe prophesied for ten years hence, thrilled her as she stood there; then, nothing but a girl, she shivered as she thought how easily she could have been won by this handsome careless man had she been wealthy -won, but not loved; and she crept quietly away, wondering if she could ever be anything to be proud of-anything else but a poor, half-paid schoolteacher.

"Thirty to-day. Once I should have considered myself old at this age, with the best of life passed and little before me to enjoy. But now I am very happy, thankful and content."

Carmie Brownell was looking across the blue sea waters, her hands resting upon the railing of the balcony, her calm, sweet face grave and thoughtful. The climbing vines and roses threw fluttering leaf-shadows and sunshine upon her tall, lithe form, and people on the beach below turned to look at the unconscious figure a second time.

"Who is she, Leicester?" "Miss Brownell." "Is that all there is to say of her?"

"No, I might talk a day of her and you would be as little acquainted." "You are unusually reticent. She must have incurred your lordship's displeasure, and you punish by ignoring

"We are good friends; but I knew that your questions were prompted by idle curiosity; and thought I would wait until you met her. She has won a fair fame and considerable wealth, I believe, by untiring patience and labor. She has triumphed over every obstacle, met trouble and disappointment that would have crushed a woman less brave, and now, from it all she brings, instead of a cynical, selfish nature, one so thoroughly pure that men are made better for her living."

"She is wealthy, famous, but still un-. "Yes, even an old maid, if you like but no one ever thinks of that."

Philip Leicester frowned, and there was a ring of displeasure in his sweet, strong voice. It angered him to hear this cool questioning even from a friend. Dr. Galbraithe at his side, handsome, fascinating, worldly-wise, and a trifle worldly-wild, turned again

to look at the white-robed figure. They sauntered back an hour later, just as Miss Brownell tightened the reins over her high-stepping blacks. "Those are magnificent animals, by

Jove!" exclaimed Galbraithe. "Yes, she handles them perfectly, too." And Philip's dark eyes flashed, and a wonderful light swept over his face with the smile and bow he gave Carmie Brownell, while she gave a glance at both, but a smile to only one, as she dashed by; and the second time that day the fastidious Judson Gal-

braithe turned to look at a woman. He had quite forgotten her, however, until he saw her that evening in a little crowd in the large drawing room. Philip Leicester was one of the crowd, and Galbraithe made his way toward them to be introduced. She rose, smiling, gracious, thoroughly a lady with no pretence to girlishness. There were valley lilies at her belt, valley lilies at her belt, valley lilies in the soft lace at her throat, ar valley lilies in the loose, low-coiled hair. Her eyes were clear, brave, tender; her face one that changed with

when the season was almost ended, Carmie Brownell stood upon the terrace in the mosalight, listening to the roar and mosa of the waters. Judson Galbraithe found her there, looking like some still, restful picture; but she turned with her old smile as he asked,-

"Did you come to escape the crowd?"
"No, for had the crowd been here, I should have staid, I love the sea so much. I never dance, you know, and shall not be missed."

"I missed you and searched until I found you—dreaming."
"Perhaps I am given to dreaming;
but to-night I was thinking of my past

"Your past, like your present, is good to remember." He spoke with a shade of bitterness

for what did hers make his own care

less, worldly one appear.

1 was only thinking of the starting point Shall we return ?"

"Not unless you wish it, for I have wanted to see you alone, but have not been able to. You must know what I have to tell, for no man can be with you without learning to love andrespect you. My life is not worthy to offer, but you can make me what you will. Oh Carmie, I love you, I love you! Will you say that you care for me, and will be my wife?"

His face was pale with the great passion which thrilled his soul, his eyes were burning and bright as they searched her face for one tender look, and his hand closed on hers with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp; but she was looking away from his face, beyond the line of harbor lights, and the very sea itself, as she said, slowly-

"Is it myself or my hundred thou sand that you would marry?"
"Yourself! What do I care for your wealth? Come to me penniless, but with your love—I will work for both.

Only tell me that I can, dearest."
"Wait until I repeat your words of
twelve years ago. Let me show you
how well I remember. You said of Carmie Brownell, a poor and friendless girl, 'Were she worth a hundred thousand, I would marry her to-morrow. I am worth it now, and you come say ing that you love me. Had you said so then, the girl, Carmie, would have believed with a faith the woman has not. I am glad you didn't say this then, even had you cared for me. You did me greater service, for, after hear ing your opinion of me I crept away, and after the first outbreak I determined to make my life worth living, even if it might never be 'worthy a Gal-braithe,' and the words that wounded so cruelly at first proved the incentive and watchword to something better than I then dared dream. Years ago I should have considered your offer to me to-night the best of all, and would have thought myself avenged but now I am only sorry that any one

should suffer through caring for me." The sweet, earnest voice was silent; the waves mouned and sobbed on the sands below like some doomed, hopeless soul, and the music floated out to them wild and sweet-dying in a crash and wail of anguish.

"Is there no hope, if you have for-given my foolish, mercenery words? Oh, Carmie, let me live for you, and prove my love by that?"

She turned with a face as white as his in the moonlight, and a look of pain in her grave eyes; then, very softly, with a world of saddened tenderness in her voice-

And then Leceister's tall form came upon the terrace. He took Carmie's hand upon his arm and drew her soft shawl around her with a proud air of possession, while Carmie, ever thoughtful for this strong man's passions and the sorrow that had settled like darkness upon him, led Paillip down the steps and away under the great calm stars and the moonlight, to walk in the glory of perfect love together.

# A Fine Distinction.

A young man, whose attire was clean and neat, and whose general appearance was rather prepossessing, stood before the bar of a Police Court. By his side stood a young man of about the same age, with a coal-black face and woolly hair, and who was dressed with all the gorgeousness of a "swell." "What's your name, white man?" asked the Court.

"McFinnigan, sir." "And yours, my man and brother?" "Gawge Washin'ton Jones, sah." "What was the matter, George Wash

ngton ?" "Sab, I'll tell yo' de truf, sab." I was a goin' up de street, sah, las' night, when I met this man an' I kine' of jostled agin 'im, sah, en' he turn' right roun', sah, an' fech me a clip on de nose, sah; den I calls an offisa' an' had dat man arrested, an' dat's all de

"How was it, McFinnigan?" "Sure, yer Oner, an' it was all th nager's fault. I was a comin' down the av'nie, quiet as a lam', sor, sayin nothin' to noboddy, whin that sphal-peen came forninst me, sor, wud his elbow, an' I up an' hit 'im upon the

spur a the momint"-"No, sah, he hit me on the nose

"On the spur a the momint"

"On de nese, sah."
"Never mind fine distinctions," said his Honor, "it costs a man \$10 in this Court to hit a man, whether it be upon the spur of the moment or upon the nose. George Washington, you are discharged."—N. Y. World.

How to KEEP MONEY .- The way to keep money is to earn it fairly and honestly. Money so obtained is pretty certain to abide with its possessor. But money that is inherited or that in any way comes without a fair and just equivalent, is almost certain to go as t came. The young man who begins by saving a few dollars a month and thriftily increasing his store-every cein being a representative of good solid work, honestly and manfully done, stands a better chance to spend the last half of his life in affluence an comfert, than he, who, in his haste to become rich, obtains money by the dashing speculations, or the means which abound in the foggy region by ing between fair dealing and act fraud. Among the wisest and most thrifty men of wealth, thecurrent provverb is—money goes as it comes. Let the young make a note of this, and see that it may long abide with them. FOR THE CHILDREN.

THE QUEEN'S GIF V. Where English daisles blossom, And English robins sing Whon all the lud was fragrant Beneath the fact of Spring.

Two little sisters wandered, fogether, hand in hand, Along the dusty highway, Their bare feet soiled and tenned

Iwas not a calldish sorrow That filled their eyes with tears; Their little hearts were burdened With grief beyond their pears.

The bright-eyed daisies bloseomed In valley and in gien. The robins san / their sweetest. Spring smited—but not for thes

Beneath the trees of Whitshall, Within their shadow brown,

From cut the royal palace
The Queen came walking down. She saw the children standing. Together, side by side, And, gazing down with pity, Sheasked them why they cried.

"Dear lady," said the eldest, "My little sister Bess
And I have come together
A hundred miles, I guess.

"Sometimes the roads were dusty, And sometimes they were gre We're very tired and bungry— We want to see the Queen.

"For Mother's sick, dear Lady, She cries 'most all the day: We hear her telling Jesus, When she thinks we're at play.

"She tells Him all about it, How when King James was King, We were so rich and happy and had 'meet everything.

"We had our own dear father, At home beside the Thames, But Father went to battle Because he loved King James "And then things were so diff rent-I can not tell you how, We havn't any father, Nor any nice things now.

"Last pight, our mother told us They'd take our home away, And leave us without any, Because she couldn't pay.

"So then we came together, Right through the moadow green, And prayed for God to help us, And take us to the Queen:

"Recurse Mamma once told us That, many years ago, The Queen was James's little girl, And, Lady, if 'twas so,

"I know she'll let us keep it-Our home beside the I hames,— For we have come to ask her, And Father loved King James."

Her simple story finished, She looked up in surprise, To see the lovely lady With tear drops in her eyes.

And when the English robins Had sought each downy nest, And when the bright eyed daises, Dew-damp, had gone to rest.

Had passed that way before, Set down two little children Beside the widow's door. They brought the weeping mother

A carriage, such as never

A package from the Queen. Her royal seal was on it, And, folded in between,

A slip of paper, saying:
"The daughter of King James
Gives to these little culldren
Their home beside the Thames."

LITTLE KATE'S DIARY.

St. Nicholas

Little Kate Andrews had long wish ed to keep a diary. Her elegant Cousin Maud, from the city, who wore trails painted fan and a white parasol trimeverybody else was in bed. Sometime Kate slept with her and she would wake up after her first long nap, and watch Maud as she wrote. Kate thought she looked very interesting in her long white wrapper, her black bair hanging over shoulders, and her head supported upon her hand. To sit up in that way and write in a diary was the

little girl's highest ambition. So, when Maud asked Kate what she should buy for her after she went back to the city, the child answered: "A diary, please; one just like yours." The diary came all right, wrapped

in buff paper, and directed to "Miss Kate Andrews, care of James Andrews

Kate was delighted. She meant to sit up late that very night. Mamma was going to a party, and it would be easy to sit up till nine o'clock at

But, for fear something would hap-pen, she thought she would make one entry in her new book in the afternoon. So she went to Papa's desk, got pen, ink, and blotter, and sat down in the desk-chair with her left hand supporting her head, in imitation of Cousin Maud.

But what should she write? Her mind was perfectly blank the momen she got the pen in her hand. Brother Ned set at the open window, studying his grammar lesson.

"Ned, will you please tell me what folks put in diaries mostly?" she

"Events and feelings," said Ned, wrote across the uppe Kate part of the first page, "Evenz and Fealings," when she came to another

stop. "But, Ned, what is events?" she asked, after a minute.

"Eating your dinner is an event," said Ned. "And sometimes they put good resolutions into their diaries. And they write down the bad things they have done,"

Kate became very quiet. "If eating dinner is an event," she thought, "it isn't interesting enough to put in a diary. I think Cousin Maud wrote about the friends who came to see her, and the books she read. But I shouldn't 'spose folks would want to write it down when they don't do as they ought to, want my diary to be nice reading."

So, under June 1, 1881, she wrote: "There is no evenz worth writin down. When I get time, I shall make

up some. About my fealings, I haven't much of any."

In the evening, after Mamma went to the party, Kate carried the pen and ink to the nursery. Nurse, thinking she had gone to bed, sat in the kitchen gossiping with the cook. The little girl established herself at the table and

began to write: "To-day, a man came and pade the rent. It was a million doilars. gave some to a minister to build a meeting-hous and a chime of bells. I bought a white saton dress, with an awful long trane. A member of Con-

gress carried my trane. The President gave me a bokay of roses. My fealings were happy, 'spesh'y when I gave my white saton dress to a poor woman with 10 children, and bought me a pink one with nice pink roses embroidered onto

When Kate had written this much she stopped to rest and think of some more events. Under another date, she

wrote: "I wore a reeth of white roses to-day maid of purls. A beggir child came, and I took a rose out of the reeth and gave it to her. The Prince smiled at me, and called me an angil.

"I sat under a tree and read a thick book in an hour. Reading is nice."
It took Kate a long time to write all this. When she had finished she said : "There, that's what I call events."

While she was trying to read over "Evenz and Fealings," she fell fast asleep, dropping her pen and making a big blot on the page. There Mamma and Papa found her when they came from the party.

They had a hearty laugh over the

poor little book, and after that whenever they spoke of a stilted, unnatural person, they said: "He reminds me of Kate's diary."—Mrs. M. F. Butts, in St. Nicholas for New mber.

### Beautiful Figure.

Two painters were employed to fresc the walls of a magnificent cathedral both stood on a rude scaffolding con structed for the purpose, some eighty feet from the floor. One of them was so intent upon his work that he became absorbed, and in admiration stood off from the picture, gazing at it with delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved backward slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he had neared the end of the plank on which he stood. At this critical moment his companion turned suddenly. and, almost frozen with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant and the enthusisast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath; if he spoke to him it was certain death--if he beld his peace death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush, flung it against the wall, spattering the beautiful pic-ture with unsightly blotches of color-ing. The painter flew forward, and turned upon his friend with flerce imprecations : but startled at his ghastly face, he listened to the recital of danger, ooked suddenly over the dread space below, and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that saved him.

So we sometimes get absorbed in locking upon the pictures of this world, and, in contemplating them, step back-ward, unconscious of our peril, when the Aimighty dashes out the beautiful images, and we spring forward to lament their destruction-into the outstretched arms of mercy, and are saved.

## Nature's Undertakers.

How often do we hear the query, "What becomes of all the dead birds?" The secret of their mysterious disappearance was but just now half told by the buzz of those brown wings, and the other half is welcome to any one who will take the trouble to follow their lead. The beetle is one of man's incalculable benefactors. It is his mission to keep fresh and pure the air we breathe. He is the sexton that takes and frizzes, and carried a wonderful beneath the mold not only the faller "I am engaged to marry Phillip Le-ceister; we have cared for each other a ceister; we have cared for each other a to sit at her table and write, after die in our woods and fields. Beneath that clump of yarrow I found just what I expected-a small, dead bird-and the grave diggers were in the midst of work. Already the rampart of fresh earth was raised around the body, and the cavity was growing deeper with every moment, as the grave-diggers excavated the turf beneath. Now and then one would emerge on a tour of inspection, even rummaging among the feathers of that silent throat, and climbing upon the plumy breast to press down the little body into the deepening grave. These nature-burials are by no neans rare, and where the listless eye fails to discover them, the nostrils will often indicate the way, and to any one lesirous of witnessing the operation, without the trouble of search, it is only necessary to place in some convenient spot of loose earth, the carcass of some small animal. The most casual observer could not fail soon to be attracted by the orange spotted beetles.

Once on a time a Dutchman and a Frenchman were traveling in Pennsylvanis, when their horse lost a shoe. They drove up to a blacksmith's shop, and no one being in, they proceeded to the kouse to inquire. The Frenchman rapped and called out, "Is de smitty wittin?" "Shtand back," says Hans, 'let me shpeak. Ish der blacksmit's shop en der house?"

The cigarette has had many hard things said against it, but nothing nearly so damaging as the statement just made, that "the smoking of cigarettes has a most injurious effect upon the growth of the mustache.' If this does not drive the cigarette from the market then the young men of Amer-ica no longer yearn for the downy upper lip.

Burke said: "Never despair; and if you do, work in despair."

SKILL IN THE WORKSHOP .- To do good work the mechanic must have good health. If long hours of confine-ment in close rooms have enfeebled his hand or dimmed his sight, let him at once, and before some organic trouble appears, take plenty of Hop Bitters. His system will be rejuvenated, his nerves strengthened, his sight become clear, and the whole constitution be built up to a higher working condition.

Happy dispositioned people are generally healthy. Disease is rendered more deadly, and is often induced by

SILVER CREEK, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1880. GENTS-I have been very low, and have tried everything, to no advantage. I heard your Hop Bitters recommended by so many, I concluded to give them a trial. I did, and now am around, and constantly improving, and am nearly as strong as ever.

The old frigate Constitution, has been lying in ordinary at the Brook-lyn navyyard for some time past, is to be towed to Portsmouth. N. H. DOT SCH VALL LEETLE BABY.

Drue as I leev, most efer; day I laugh me wild to saw der voy My schmall young baby drie to play— Dod funny leetle traby.

Yen I look of dem leetle toes, Und see dot funny feetie nose, Und hear der was dot rooster crows, I schmile like I vas crazy.

Sometimes der comes a leetle schqualt, Dot's vhen der windy vind will crawl, Bight in his leetle stchomeck smail, Dot's too bad for der ba y. Dot makes him sing at night so schweet, Und gorry barric he must ead. Und I must chump sphr; on my feet To he p dot feetle buby.

He buffs my nose and kicks my hair, Unitgrawis me ofer eferywhere, Und shlobbers me—but vet I care? Dot was my schmall young baby.

Around my head dot leetle arm

Vor schquozin me so nice and varm—
Ohl may dere never come some harm
To dot schmall leetle baby.

—Charles Follen Adams.

TRAVEL -Among the rich opport unities which advancing civilization pens up to us with a more and more liberal hand, is that of travel. Once a journey of any length was a laborious, tedious and expensive undertaking, seldom atempted save in the interest of business or duty. Now it is a natural and practicable recreation for thousands in moderate circumstances, and one from which even the very poorest of our citizens is not wholly de-barred. Not only does this quick and asy transit invigorate all life, and unite the nations of the world in a mutual interest, otherwise impossible, but it is likewise most efficient in improving private character and promoting the happiness of private life.

Of hammers it may be said of the different forms and sizes that the jeweler has the lightest, the iron-werker he heaviest, the shoemaker the broadest, the upholsterer the longest, and the file-cutter the oddest.

"Please hang up," is the polite tele-phonic for "Hold your tongue."-New Mexican.

#### SPECULATIONS.

"Good morning, Mr. B, fine day!" "Yes fine day!" "Think it'll rain to-day?" "Well, hardly think it'll rain to day; still, it may; bep

"Howdy do, Mr. C., cold, isu't it?" "Well yes, I should say it was cold," "Have some snow, I reckon?" Wouldn't wonder at all still it doesn't look like snow."

"Hello E., going to get a freeze, ch?" "No. think not; this wind's going to blow up a thaw." 'That's where you're wrong. I tell you in going to freeze." The above are some of the empty within and

peculations so often on the tongues of the copie. Questions of vital importance and with which they are intimately concerned, such as health, modes of living, and the treatment of diseases, are passed upon little, if at all. How much more sensible would be a query say like this: "Well, Mr. B., how is your case of dyspepsia

coming on? Have you found a remedy for it?" Or like this: "My liver and kidneys flag in their work. Is there a medicine that will assist hem in meeting nature's requirements?" If Mr. B, or the other party accouled had used Burdock Blood Bitters he would reply: Yes, I have found a remedy, true and good,

one that has merit and is honest." Let us add that the reputation of Burdock Blood Bitters is founded upon the solid floor of Fact, nailed down and clinched by sincere Conviction. For all disorders arising from or associated with the blood and stometh, this medicine is peculiarly adapted, and gives unvarying

FARRAND, WILLIAMS & Co., Wholesale Agents, Detroit, Mich.

Is there ever a hard question in morals that children do not drive straight at in their ques-

Too Fastidious.

Some would-be Bytons look on with disgust At the rhymes of Eclectric Oil "poet;"
But we have the best article known to the world,
And intend that all persons shall know it.
It cures coughs, colds, asthma and catarrh,
Bronchitts, and complaints of that kind;
It does not cost much though rhumatics it

It does not cost much, though rhuamatics cures.
'I's best Oil in the world you can find. Justice exists independent of the law, and no statute can modify its principles, although it may effect its attainment.

Life's a Conundrum. When judiciously used, BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS are in themselves a remedy for all the evils arising from impurities of the blood, which never fail to make the patient long-lived and happy.

Never loss faith in humanity. If there ever

was a good man, be certain there was another and there will be more. Small Comfort.

When you are continuity coughing, night and day, annoying everybody around you, and hoping it will go away of its own accord, you are running a dangerous risk—better use Dr. THOMAS' ECLECTRICOIL, an unfailing remedy in such cases.

He is happy whose creumstances suit by temper; but he is more fortunate who can suit his temper to circumstances.

Mother Shinton's prophecy is supposed to be

Mother Shipton's prophecy is supposed to be about four hundred years old, and every prophecy has been fulfilled except the last—the end of the world in 1881. Buy your Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, the great natural hair restorer, before the world comes to an end. Happiness is something to hope for, at

Greatest Discovery Since 1492.

For coughs, coids, sore throat, bronchitis, laryngitis, consumption in its early stages, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is also a great blood-purifier and strength restorer or tonic, and for liver complaint and costive condition of the bowels, it has no equal. Sold by druggists.

People de not lack strength-they lac Young, middle-aged, or old men, suffering from nervous debuilty or kindred affections should address, with two stamps, for larg-treaties, World's Dispensary Medical Associa reatise, World's Di

No physician can heat the wounds of t WHAT'S SAVED IS GAINED. Workingmen will economize by employing Dr. Pierce's medicines. His "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" and "Golden Medical Discovery cleanse the blood and system, thus preventing levers and other serious diseases, and curing also corolleus and other humors. Sold by druggists.

Every man is occasionally what he ought Rescued From Death

William J. Cough in, of Somerville, Mass, says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with BLEEDING OF THE LUNGS, followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the hospital. The doctor said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise, I commence

LIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better the for three reers peet.

I write his hoping every one afflicted with diseased lungs will take DE. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness.

Sir Joshua Reynolds.

This distinguished painter having heard of a young artist who had be-come embarrassed by an injudicious matrimonial connection, and was on the point of being arrested, immediately hurried to his residence to inquire into the truth of it. The unfortunate man told him the particulars of his situation, adding that forty pounds would enable him to compound with his creditors. After some further conversation Sir Joshua took leave, telling the distressed painter he would do something for him, and when he was bidding him adien at the door he took him by the hand, and after squeezing it in a friendly manner hurried off with that kind of triumph in his heart which the generous can alone experience, while the astonished artist found that he had left in his hand a check for one hundred pounds.

nost when its father is outen humor. Dar is a ole saving what says neber hit a boy when yer are mad. I wouldn't give a cent ter hit him any udder time case I ain't gwine ter fight nebody when I'se in a good humor.—Arkensau Traveler. An insane Rochester girl gets out of

bed at midnight and goes to work saw-ing wood in the backyurd. Her father deeply deplores her insanity, but he always leaves the woodpile handy her to get at .- Bost m Post.



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